Enter Warwicke and Oxford with Soldiors.

War. Truſt me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to vs,
But ſee where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake ſuddenly my Lords, are we all friends?

Cla. Feare not that my Lord.

War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerſet*, I hold it cowardiſe,
To reſt miſtruſtfull, where a noble heart
Hath pawnd an open hand in ſigne of loue,
Elſe might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*, my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now what reſts but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carleſly encampt,
His ſoldiors lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our ſcouts haue found the aduenture very eaſie,
Then cry king *Henry* with reſolued mindes,
And breake we preſently into his Tent.

Cla. Why then lets on our way in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and S. George.

War. This is his tent, and ſee where his guard doth ſtand,
Courage my ſouldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.

All. A *Warwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

Alarmes, and Gloſter and Haſtings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?

War. *Richard* and *Haſtings*, let them go, heere is the Duke.

Edw. The Duke, why *Warwicke* when we parted
Laſt, thou calledſt me King.

War. I, but the caſe is altred now.
When you diſgrac'ſt me in my Embaſſage,
Then I diſgrac'ſt you from being King,

And